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A CONGRATULARY EPISTLE

TO THE

London Corresponding Society,

ON THEIR LATE

GENERAL MEETING,

In St. George's Fields.

BY A FRIEND TO LIBERTY.

LONDON.

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A

CONGRATURALY EPISTLE

TO THE

London Corresponding Society.

HAIL generous Citizens, Patriots, Friends;
Who of late Aſſembled for noble ends,
Who like brave Men, and Britons true behav'd;
Who ſpurn *oppreſſion*, ſcorn to be *enſlav'd*;
Wh' unaw'd by Tyrants dare t' Aſſociate,
YOURSELVES from Slavery to *emancipate*;
Freedom for ALL, ye nobly ſtrive t'obtain,
And, at defiance ſet, a Tyrant train:
T' aſſert your RIGHTS, unaw'd by deſpot Power,
You dare t' Aſſemble at th' appointed hour,
Firm to your Cauſe, no perſecutions fear,
Nor can fell Tyrants ſtop, your bold carreer.
Long had uncheck,d, the oppreſſive Monſter reign'd,
When ye came forward, and, with firmneſs claim'd
Your *Birthright*, *Freedom*, and that Right maintain'd.
Too long, we Britons have ignobly loſt,

41.11.6.198.

This

This firſt, and greateſt Bleſſing, Man can boaſt;
But, Citizens, your brave examples teach,
That Freedom ſtill, is not beyon our reach:
Then let all Britons, now, as ONE unite,
To regain sweet Liberty their native right.
Brave Friends, I ſhould not, but thro' you have know'n,
The rog'ry that ſurrounds a Britiſh Throne,
'Twas you firſt dar'd thoſe ſecrets to explore,
That ſerv'd t' oppreſs, and to enſlave before;
Democracy court Minions ſtill decry,
And Freedoms plant, ev'n now will droop and die
Unleſs manur'd by you, it then will live;
Unite, Perſevere, THATS th' reſtorative:
Continue Citizens your bold perſuit,
Your *cauſe* will gain each Hour, a new Recruit.
Already half the Country do conceive,
Half did I ſay, nay ALL, that in it live;
(Save thoſe vile pariſites that croud a Throne)
That they're Oppreſs'd, and have been ſo too long;
They now, denounce the Yoke they've ſo long wore,
And boldly claim, what was but aſk'd, before;
By your example's they are bold, and brave,
They know they're *Men*, each ſcorn's the name of *Slave*,
From you, brave men, they catch the Ardent flame,
They own your cauſe, and theirs, one, and the ſame,
Nor all the efforts of a Servile train,
Can e'er put out, the Blazing, genuine Flame,
Convinc'd your cauſe, is theirs, which cauſe, is juſt,
They now applaud, what they condemn'd at firſt,
For by your callum'nators led aſtray,

Who

Who ſaid your Country you meant to betray,
We've been too long deceived, but now we ſee,
Who means to enſlave it, you my Friends or He,
That talks of Conſtitution, Secrets, Loans,
That takes delight even in his Countries Groan's!
Let HIM aſſemble all his ſervile train,
In Georges Fields if they will them contain;
Then ſay to each, I've no more Gold to ſpare,
They ſoon wou'd leave him, to regret his fare:
Their views is ſelfiſh, ſordid Gold their Aim,
Yours is Freedom, your Juſt, and natural Claim.
And in defiance of a Deſpot throng,
Ye will than them at laſt, be far more ſtrong.
Event moſt happy Britons Sons may ſay,
When Truth pled cauſes victor came away,
When Britiſh Juries ſpurn'd menace, or bribe,
And dar'd for Honeſty (not Pitt) decide.
Oh! how unlike, that worthleſs, Scotiſh band,
Who drove their Patriots, from their native land;
Or thoſe, of this Metropolis who've ſent,
Friends of the People, to Impriſonment.
The People ſtill, have Liberty in view,
Nor do they doubt, ſincerity in you;
No more they dread, the haughty threats of Power;
Or ſtand aghaſt, when ſuch vile factions lower:
Your cauſe, is theirs, undaunted, ſtill they cry;
Their cauſe is yours, tis EQUAL LIBERTY.
This, is like yours, their, ardent Sentiments
Univerſal Suffrage and *Annual Parliaments*.

FINIS.